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TERMS.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB.

PORTER'S CRY FOR JUSTICE.

Fitz John Porter's everlasting cry for justice has broken out again. He wrote a letter to the president last October, which has just been sent in on the call of a house resolution and published to the country, appealing to him to reconsider his reasons for vetoing the bill which was passed for Porter's restoration to the army, and to re-appoint and nominate him to a suitable vacancy that may exist or occur in the army.

Mr. Porter makes a pathetic cry. He thinks he has been cruelly wronged. The court-martial that tried him did not think so. The loyal people of the United States do not think so. They believed and be lieve that he could not lay his hand on his heart and truthfully declare his inno cence of any secret desire that General John Pope might be beaten in the battles that he had rushed into with pronunciamentoes that officers of the Porter stamp regarded as insults. His conduct may be explained ever so plausibly by dates and diagrams subsequently furnished by the rebel records; it was the motive of this man Porter, as evidenced by his words and behavior at the time, that made him amenable to court-martial and showed him guilty of such intention as the articles of war punish with death.

The court-martial found that Fitz-John Porter wanted to spite John Pope, his superior officer, and that this spite was the motice of his disobedience of that officer's orders. This disobedience and the motive of it would have justified the shooting of Fitz-John Porter. Such are the stern, yet necessary, rules of war. But mercy was shown Mr. Porter. He was cashiered in disgrace from the army. It was a mild

congress filled with Contederate brigadiers, and from facts turnished by Confederate archives, that, if he had obeyed his superior officer on that memorable occasion, the result would have been disastrous. O, just so. But suppose that is admitted, which it is not by many military experts; how does that remove the guilt of his intention-which is really the guilt itselt? The circumstances prove that Mr. Porter was willing to sacrifice the cause of the country to spite John Pope. He deserved to be shot for it.

But, instead of being grateful to the country for sparing his life, he has been appealing to the country through all these years for restoration to honors and emoluments. It is one of the highest commendations of this Republican administration that he has appealed in vain.

All the Confederates and (it must b contessed) some soft-shelled Republicans weep over Fitz John Porter's wrongs; and it is likely that, when the Confederacy comes into possession of the government, the Democratic president will send Porter's name in for vindication. But the Republican senator who shall vote for his confirmation will not represent, but will misrepresent, the overwhelming majority of his constituency in any state, and will be marked for inture reference.

NOT A PROTECTIONIST PER SE.

The most significant fact in connection with the late visit of Hon. Sam. Randal to the South is that he everywhere reiterated the statement in his public addresses that he was not a protectionist

Now, the fact may not be familiar to the generality of readers, but is nevertheless a truth, that John C. Calhoun declared substantially the same sentiments in 1816, when he first began to show his hand on the subject which led him and his state straight to nullification.

Mr. Randall knew that he was in the atmosphere of Calhounism, of nullifica tion, and of unrepentant secessionism, and it is not illegical to suggest that he was siming to show that he occupied common ground with those who invented and cherished the old heresy which so long plagued and finally threatened to destroy

If Randall is not a protectionist per se, the difference between him and Waterson is only a shadow, and yet the latter is recognized as the most blatant and heroic of all the anti-protectionists.

Is not Randall getting ready to sell him self "lor a mess of pottage" to the powers which seem to have control of the Demo-

The venerable Horatio Seymour has uttered. He speaks of the duties of the incoming administration. There will be people who have forgotten Horatio, and others will be surprised that he is alive. But his views may be worth pondering by the Democratic party. They are ponderA NEW AMERICO-AFRICAN SCHEME, We believe that the Rev. William Taylor is the most restless and aggressive man in the Methodist Episcopal church univer sal-for the organization named covers the world with its net-work of operations and it has a large representation also among glorified millions who have crossed Jordan's swelling flood. And when we say this of Mr. Taylor we say a great deal The gentleman named, who has been here once or twice and is known by many of our citizens, was appointed and qualified as Bishop of Africa, by the last General Conference, and as he had done much and very effective pioneer work, in California, India, South America, and elsewhere, it was generally conceded that he was, at last, the right man in the right place, as well as a large man in a large place. After the appointment of Mr. Taylor, came the Congo Conterence at Berlin, which congress of the great European Powers. provided for the protection of civilizing nfluences-of commercial and educational appliances and forces-in Central Africa. and now Mr. Taylor leads the van of the army of Christian civilization to the heart of the Dark Continent. Last week his effort "to inaugurate self-supporting missions in the regions of Central Africa" materialized. Fifty people-men, women and children-of the several trades and professions, and well equipped with supplies - left New York for Africa to settle down permanently among 2,000,000 persons who have never seen, up to this time, but two white men-the late Dr. Livingstone and our Henry M. Stanley, and not many of these even have seen these two distinguished representatives of the Caucasian race. With Mr. Taylor's expedition go 5,000 Bibles, 33,000 vards of cotton cloth, in muslins and calicoes (to be used as currency), twenty-five Remington rifles (for hunting purposes, we suppose), forty shotguns, and tools and implements in abundance, and it is announced that these spirited and energetic missionaries declare their intention to ask for and accept no help from home." This shows pluck and courage and the carrying out of the policy will require persistence and perseverance, but the result may not depend altogether on what the members of the colony may be able to do.

The policy of the new colony, however, s much to be commended. It is much like that of the Apostle Paul, who, while on his missionary journeys, "paddled" his own cance" and carned his own bread and clothing by the sweat of his honest, eroic face. And if it can be demon strated that men and women can go out n colonies to remote lands, and in new climates to which they are unaccustomed. and while they are earning their own livelihood, can educate, civilize and Christianize the natives, a very important step will have been taken and a new era of intellectual outreach and progress will have been inaugurated. It was just like the

The idea involved is however, not alto gether new. Many of the missions of the American Board have been not only selfsustaining for years, but have been contributing to the funds of the Paren: Society. This is true of the churches established in the Sandweih Islands, and it is also already true of a number of the churches organized, within a few years, in Japan! Indeed, it has long been the policy of the Board to make all its missionary churches self-sustaining at the earliest possible moment. And, indeed, we may say the same thing of the Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, and other leading denominations. It is the true idea. The heathen convert must first experience the blessedness of receiving and then the still greater bliss of giving!

We think it will be evident to the Re publican committee that the system o commating city officers by a primary election is not in favor with the Republican party, as a party, of this town. If the ommittee would reflect the best sentiment of the party, it must adopt some other method of nomination. The disinterested men who are anxious for the success of Republicanism in Springfield and for a good municipal government under its auspices are almost universally opposed to that method. We hope that the commit tee will devise some means of putting in nomination the men who can command the strength of the party. We commend to them the suggestions of the various gentlemen whose opinions we gave in yesterday's GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

Under the caption of "Who will the Leader be?" the Ohio State Journal has given the opinions of the chairmen of the various Republican county committees as to the preferences in their localities for governor, and as to what should be the character of the platform. We think that Mr. Rabbitts has pretty correctly given the situation here in the following:

Springfield-I turned your communica ion over to John W. Parsons, my successor as chairman. Foraker has a strong following here, but considerable opposi tion has developed toward him on the part of colored people. General Beatty is in large favor; also Kennedy. Think the judgment of our people regarding platform ould be to let the Democrats solve the liquor problem and Republicans remain silent, or only speak to charge responsi oility on the Democrats.-[J. H. Rabbitts.

There is a readable brigazee between the Commercial Gazette and the Ohio State Journal. The C. G. charges the O. S. J. with being a Democrat; and the O. S. J. retorts that the C. G. is a metropolitan falsehood. And so on. Selah.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa was not hurt as badly as was hoped. The woman who shot was near-sighted. Rossa will be out in a few days howling as loudly as ever for the assassination of British subjects.

In the Ranks

His death-blow struck him, there in the ranks— There in the ranks, with his face to the foe: Did his dying lips utter curses or thanks?

No one will know.

till he marched on, he with the rest-Still be marched on with his face to the fo To the day's bitter business sternly addrest Dead—did they know?

His checks were red with the sunset's given it they crowned him there with their laur Dead-did be know?

aurels or roses, all one to him now— What to a dead man is glory or glow?— tose wreaths for love, or a crown on his bro Dead—does he know? And yet you will see him march on with the rest—
No man of them all makes a goodlier show—
In the thick of the tumuit jostled and prest:

Dead—would you know?

IN THE LIGHTHOUSE. It was the last day in the old year, and yet it did not seem much like winter, though the maple trees were bare and the flowers all dead. The oaks were covered thickly with leaves. True, when the wind blew it rustled through brown, dry foliage very different to the living tints of months back, but when you looked at the soft, muddy roads, or the clear blue sky, you scarcely realized that it was just past

John Hudson, keeper of the lighthouse at Fishing Point, was brushing his weather-beaten coat (once black, now almost "sage-green"), parting directions to John Hudson, Junor-called "Jack" by his familiars. "Now mind and don't set the house on fire while I am gone. I must fix that chimney when I get back, or we'll be burned out yet; and don't take to fooling with the oil-there isn't very much of it left now. There's that cord of wood in the yard; I guess you had better fill the wood boxes, and pick up a bit. I expect the inspector will be round before long, and we want to have everything taut and trim when he comes. Get your dinner when you're ready; I may be back in time, and I may not, with all these errands to do in the village: but, anyhow, I shall be home this afternoon. Good-by, sonand he tramped briskly away through the trees. "Stub! Stub! here, sir. You must

you. There's a rat, sure's I live! Sick Stub! S-s-sick it!" "Now," said Jack, after an exciting chase, in which boy and dog had howl-

stay home with me. Father don't want

ed and barked a most powerful duet, now, Stub, we'll wash the breakfast dishes-won't we?"

Stub looked a knowing assent, and sat gravely on a chair (which he first knocked the cat off), while Jack washed and dried the few dishes as deft as a girl. He had lived here as long as he could remember. His earliest recollection was looking at the bright reflector up-stairs, and seeing in it a sweet, loving face, with tender blue eyes, near his own. His next memory of the face was in a coffin, pale and still, while his father held his hand, and the minister from the village talked in a low, sad But this was years ago, when Jack was (as he would inform you) "only a little fellow." Now, from his ignified age of ten years he felt himelf arrived at man's estate. His father was formerly a sailor, but in consequence of losing one of his fingers in e icy regions of the north he had to accept the position of lighthouse-keeper-loving the sea too well to think for moment of any work further inland. suc stories as he used to tell Jack in the winter days, when they would be cut off by snowdrifts from the rest of the world. Such thrilling adventures delighted the boy's ears in the long, n Labrador, when a tremendous whale ansized a boat's erew, and two men ot drowned; of the mutiny that once roke out on the Fair Betsey, and the sneaking Italian who got put in

as for starting it. Jick would go to bed with a "creepy" kind of feeling after these stories, but I the morning light always drove away the shadows, and he would vow to him self never to let such ridiculous stories frighten him again. "Stub, let's play Robinson Crusoe in the yard, now that the dishes are all washed; Jane (to the eat), you can come, too, if you want,' said Jack, opening the door. Stup accepted the invitation for himself and lane, by making a dart at her as she lay blinking near the stove, and rushing her out doors with scant cere-

"This shed here shall be the cave, and I'll wear father's fur cap and be Robinson Crusoe. You can be Friday, You are black and you don't know much; and Jane shall sit up here on the woodpile and be the parrot. Now, Friday, you just stay there while I go to get some sticks for the woodbox;" and Jack, making his work into play, worked with a will, while the waves romped and tossed about on the shore like merry children, and a little gray cloud, no bigger than a man's in the north and hand, rose slowly made another dash of color in the brill-

"Why. I declare, if it ain't going to snow! I wish father would hurry up. How quickly the clouds have come, and look heavy, too, as if they were just bursting with the piles of snowflakes hid away in them. My! won't it be jolly coasting, though! been half a winter yet-no snow, except a little that melted right away. and none of the conds frozen over. ruess I had better see if my sled's all right:" and away Jack ran on this hollow pretense-this delightful piece of self-delusion about the condition of the "Artful Dodger," for had he not examined it daily for the past two months and longed impatiently for a chance to "My! there's a snowflake, as sure's the world; and there's another, and another-swarms of 'em!" claimed happy Jack to his small but select audience of Stub and Jane. They were very amiable, and frisked and gamboled with as good an appearance of happy innocence as could be de-

"It's getting dark very quickly; not 4 o'clock yet. I guess it's going to be a pretty big fall this time, and—whew! stub, hear the wind; sounds squally, don't it?"

Stub looked with an air of gravity through the windows, and seemed to be of the opinion that it certainly did appear threatening.

What keeps father so late, I wonder? If it keeps on getting dark as fast as this the light will have to be fixed pretty soon.

Thick and fast fell the snowflakes, hurrying, seurrying down, as if in haste to see which could first reach the earth. Every now and then a violent gust of wind would come that romped and rioted among the dry leaves that still clung to some of the trees, and near at hand the waves surged dashed and tossed themselves on the shore and against the rocks. "I know the lamp ought to be lit.

I'd better go right away and do it,' said Jack, addressing his companions As they raised no objection Jack started, materials in hand, and they followed-to see, no doubt, that everything was done fairly and squarely. Up the stairs went the trio, Stub ahead, snuffing and peering into all the dark corners, Jack, with the lamp and oil in his hand, following warily, and Jane, with a dignity suitable for a lady of her years, bringing up the rear. Jack knew how to work. He watched his father daily, and had sometimes been allowed to help him; so, in a very short

time, a triendry glow of light poured through the windows of the little tower, and laid bare the deep, treacherous rocks with blunt distinctness, while they strove vainly to hide beneath the

"I suppose we might as well get supper ready now, against father comes, and Jack laid the cloth neatly and cut the bread with a will. Like a few rare and isolated poys of his age, being hungry was Jack's normal condition, relieved at occasional intervals by be-

ing satisfied. Supper was waitingfather's tea was boiling and bubbling on the stove (Jack's limited knowledge of cooking had not taught him that tea should never be allowed to boil), Jack's basin of broken bread in readiness for the scalding milk, some dried beef as special treat, and plenty of good bread. Louise Chandler, Moulton, in Harper's-Magheese, and butter besides. Inside, all was warm and cozy, cheery and home-

like; outside, stormy and blustering. "Seven o'clock, and father not home yet! Well, the light will burn an hour yet without fixing. Father says it would burn longer than that, but it's safest to look at it every four hours, and he's sure to be here before it wants looking to." So Jack got his favorite book from the shelf, and settled down for a cozy read in his father's arm-chair near the stove. It certainly was very exciting-where Crusoe and Friday discovered the arrival of the one-andtwenty savages, and disturbed them at their revolting repast. But Jack got up so early mornings, and was so active all the day, that no wonder his ideas began to stray and his eyes to blink and close. Stub had settled himself near for a little quiet meditation-nose between two black, outstretched forepaws, and gaze fixed on nothing in while, Jane, having first made her toilet for the night by careful washing and patting, dozed peacestove. Tired Jack slept, and dreamed he was Crusoe, and had just built a beautiful sled, and he and Friday coasted down among the cannibals and sent them flying on all sides; and the old clock ticked, ticked. while out-doors the snow blew in whirls, and a weary man fought hard against the wind and sought to find again the beaten path to his home Hour after hour passed, till the faithful hammer str.king 10, woke Jack in bewilderment at not finding himself in his

own little bed. "What's the matter?" he said, shaking himself and standing. "Why, how late it is! What can have happened to father?

Stub roused up, but could not answer the question, so wisely kept silence-people don't always, you know. "The light! the light! Oh!

it's gone out! I must go up this very minute to see, though it's awfully dark and the stove's gone out, too; but I can't stop to make it up now. Come. Stub, you can go with me if you want said diplomatic Jack, who really didn't like to go through all those dark passages and stairways alone, but who wouldn't have Stub know it for the world.

Jack reached the foot of the ladder. and was slowly mounting, when his foot slipped and he fell. Stub looked at him helplessly, and waited for him to pick himself up. Jack had kept old of his lantern, and fortunately had not got extinguished; the oil can fell at a little distance.

"What's the matternow? What ails my foot?" said he, making several in-effectual attempts to stand. "My,how it hurts!" and he held it in his hand while he bravely kept the tears back. "I guess I've sprained it, or something, What shall I do? I could manage to slide down stairs again and wait there till father comes. But then the light; that ought to be attended to. Oh, why ain't father back!" and he winced with min as a sudden twing

"Oh, dear, its tough work," said he. as with the oil can slung across one arm he tried to climb the ladder with one foot and one knee.

"I guess I better give it up-pshaw! What's a fellow good for anyway, if he can't put himself out of the way for other folks once in a while. How the tower shakes! What a night it is!" The ascent was made at last and the light reached. "Just in time," said Jack: "the oil's all but finished. I guess I didn't put as much in as father did," and he hopped around the narrow space and trimmed the lamp. took him some time, and the boy's fingers were getting stiff with cold, while his ankle kept bringing a look of pain

across his face. "I shall freeze before I get it done." groaned Jack, putting his finger ends into his mouth to warm them. foot! my foot!" he shrieked, as forgetting it for an instant, he had stepped on it. Stub in the room below, gave a howl of sympathy, and dashed frantically at the foot of the ladder to reach his comrade.

"I can't stand it any longer! Oh, father, father!" and Jack fell unconscious on the floor.

All was silent once again in the nouse; no voice save the old clock ticking the seconds away-the last minutes of the old year.

Loud blew the wind in the face of a footsore man, bruised by an outstretch-ed branch, unseen in the darkness, and striving, with unsteady steps, to reach his home. Out at sea a noble vessel was battling with the storm, and happy hearts, unconscious of danger, were thinking of the glad meetings of the morrow-thinking of the dear faces that should welcome their return in the bright new year. Anxious-hearts were beating in secret, as the pilot and the captain paced the deck uneasily, and peered through the storm, and-

Questioned of the darkness, which was sea and which was land. "Fishing Point light ought to show to the nor ard," said the captain. "I've been looking for it," returned the pilot, "but the snow is so blinding I've not been able to see it yet. There it is!" he exclaimed, after some minutes more of weary watching, and the snow cloud seemed parted by a warm gleam of light. And miles away, in storm-rocked tower, lay a prostrate form, cold and motionless, while the

inging in the hopes and triumphs of a housand hearts. Bravely the good ship Dauntless sailed into port on that morning, with colors flying and friendly cheers from the

joy bells of the glad new year were

"A pretty narrow escape we had last night—so the pilot tells me," said a passenger to his friend, after a hearty Point. The light shone on the rocks just in time, or we should not have been

But Jack never knew anything of this. All he knew was that his father said, patting his head: "God bless you, sonny. It it hadn't been for the light shining through the darkness of that awful night, I shouldn't have been alive to take care of you now." Jack thought this quite made up for the long, weary weeks of pain before he could use his lame foot again.

A Nocturnal Vision. "There, I feel as though I had done an act of justice," said Gov. Porter recently, as he handed an official document to Secretary Blackledge, before the expiration of his term. It was a full and unconditional pardon for Peter Crawford (known as "Jack" Crawford), a prisoner at the Michigan City Penitentiary, where he is serving a life sentence for a murder committed sixteen years ago. "I want that pardon forwarded at once," added Governor, "and here. Mr. Blackledge.

(taking \$50 from his purse), inclose this with it. Tell him that I would especially request him to keep me advised as to his future movements. Do you know," continued the Governor, turning and addressing his remarks to the Journal reporter, "that the case of that man has worked on my mind more than all the other applications for pardon that have been presented to me during my entire term. I first became acquainted with the case three years ago when I was at Jeffersonville. Warden Howard called my attention to him while I was on a visit to the prison. He had just made an attempt at suicide, and had a frightful gash in his throat. I asked him if he had any friends that might interest himself in his behalf, and the question surprised him. He answered that he did not know a soul in the world outside of the prison where he had been for thirteen years. 'There is one man,' said he sady, who may remember me, if he is still living, but he is the only one I know.' The man was a big, finelooking fellow, not having the expression or look of a criminal at all, and I became greatly impressed with him. He told me of the crime for which he was a prisoner, and referred me to the man mentioned to substantiate his story. He had been employed on a railroad contract, and while resenting the abusive treatment of the man in charge of the set in which he was working, he used a small penknife with fatal effect, but without any intention of killing his adversary. He was utterly friendless, while the man he killed was well known, and the case was prosecuted with vigor by the ablest awyer in Clark county. The result was his conviction, and for sixteen years he has been a prisoner. He was little more than a boy, and in time was lost sight of entirely, and probably no one outside of the prison ever remembered that he had ever had an existence. I had him removed to the Michigan City prison, and took the trouble to hunt up the man whose name he had given, finally found him, and from him heard the story of the killing, even more favorably than Crawford had told me himself. There was no one to apply for a pardon for him, but the case appealed to me so strongly, that for three years I have been considering whether it was not best to set him free in the absence of any petition. I never had any case work on my mind as this one did, and it seemed impossible to drive it away The other night as I lay dozing fitfully but unable to sleep, that man's figure appeared at the foot of my bed, and I could see the face as plainly as I see yours now. I shut my eyes and tried to think of something else, but when I opened them again, there stood Crawford, the most beseeching and reproachful look imaginable on his face. And there it remained until I made up my mind. I will issue that pardon, eried, fully resolved to do so, and that apparition, if apparition it was, van-ished. Nothing ever made such an impression on my mind as that vision. I am firmly convinced that that man suffered enough, therefore I set him

free.—Indianapolis Journal. The Aborigines of China.

The southern portion of the present domain of China, comprising nearly one third of the whole, is a comparatively recent addition to the empire, having come under the jurisdiction of the "Son of Heaven" only 2,000 years ago. The original inhabitants of this broad territory were easily subjugated. Portions of them were attached to their conquerors as vassals or slaves, and gradually, by intermarriage and the adoption of the customs of the Chinese, lost their identity and were absorbed by the more powerful race. Traces of this original element are still to be found in many localities, es pecially among the mountains, and may be seen in peculiarities of speech. customs, and physiognomy. The boat people, everywhere regarded as an inferior race, and numbering in the city of Canton alone 2 0,000 souls, are supposed to be the descendents of this indigenous race. In the mountain range which forms the northern border of the three southern provinces, and is a continuation of the great Himalayan range, are over 100 tribes of these aboriginal people, who have constantly maintained their independence against Chinese aggressions. Comparatively little is known of them, but from the information derived from travelers, they seem, with but few exceptions, to be all of one race, and to be nearly allied to the Shans and Karens of Bur mah, the Laos tribes, and those of the interior regions of Cambodia and Cochin China. The sublime self-conceit of the Chinese, and their indifference to everything outside of themselves, is strikingly seen in the fact that in all the centuries during which they have lived in constant contact with these various tribes they have learned but little that is reliable concerning their eustoms, habits of life, traditions, language or government. A few individuals have become interested, and have left brief accounts and some rude sketches, which are all the sources of information from the Chinese side that are available.- C. B. Henry, in Washington Republican.

A Proof Reader.

Captain F. M. Duffey, a newspaper man, well-known in Tennessee, was for a time editor of the Franklin (Kv.) Patriot. One evening, shortly after he began work on the Patriot, the foreman went into the editorial room and "Captain, I left some proofs there

on your desk. I wish you would read them to-night for I have to 'make-up early in the morning." "I have an engagement to take young lady to a moonlight picnic to night," the captain ruefully replied

"Can't help that, we must have the proofs. It won't take you long. The captain broke his engagement and went to work. There were only three columns of long primer, but mis taking the advance slips of a stereo typed story to be the proof sheets referred to, he devoted himself to them. cheerless task, indeed, for they told

all about "Rachael, the Miser's Daugh-

Early the next morning when the foreman reached the office and saw he mistage, he promptly exploded. The captain had read thirty-six col umns and had found a turned comma. On his desk, the following note was

"Have worked all night on these -d proofs and have found one error. You've got a splendid lot of composiors, I must say, but I notice they set iction much better than they do loal matter." - trkausaw Traviler.

The London Medical and Surgical Reporter says: In spite of the absolute ly overwhelming testimony proving hat vaccination, properly performed and repeated as required, is a preventive of small-pox as complete as can be desired, and that its ill effects are so rare and so slight that they do not have the weight of a feather in comparison there are yet blind agitators who oppose and condemn this grand discovery. We brand all statements to the effect that vaccination has not been effective and protective in England as false, and we can prove our assertion by any reputable English journal. As for the nonsense of vaccino-siphilis, not one practitioner in twenty, either here or in England, ever saw a case of it.

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It is an unfaiting remedy for Diseases of the Ridneys and Liver.
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It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Pros motivenes do.
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ens the muscles and nerves,
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The late Judge Hayes, of Lancaster Co., Pa., an able Jurist and an honored citizen, once wrote: "Mishler's Herb Bitters is very widely known, and has acquired a great reputation for medicinal and curative properties. I have used myself and in my family several bottles, and I am satisfied that the reputation is not unmerited." MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO., Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails

CAIN Health and Happiness. HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered? "Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as ere, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors stroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mic Are your nerves weak?

Have you Bright's Disease "Ridney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass. Suffering from Diabetes and draw Wort is the most successful remedy used. Gives almost funeciate relief. Dr. Phillip C. Ballon, Monkto

Have you Liver Complaint? prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. 1 Is your Back lame and aching? ame I had to roll out of bed."

C. M. Tallmage, Milwankoe, Wia Have you Kidney Disease

Are you Constipated?

"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and curse after 16 years use of other medicines."

Nelson Fatrchild, St. Abans, Vi Have you Malaria?

"Kidney-Wort has done better than emedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. K. Ciark, South Hero, Vt. Are you Bilious?

Northas done me more good than an iy I have ever taken."

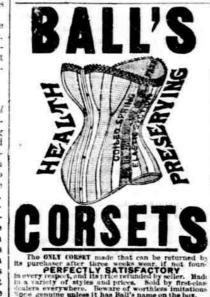
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LEGAL.

Notice is hereby given that the city of Spring-field, Ohio, will offer for sale to the highest and best bidder at the Council Chamber in said city on Tuesday, the 2th day of February, A. J. 1885, at 8 o'clock p. m., the bonds of said-ity to the amount of three the city of the council of th f three thousand dollars (\$3,000) dollars; said ends to be of the denomination of \$1,000 each, to of three thousand dollars (35,000) dollars; said bonds to be of the denomination of \$1,000 each, to bear 6 per cent. per annum interest, payable semi-annually, at the office of the City Treasury, in this city, or at the importers' and Traders' National Fank in New York City, at the option of the holder thereof, on the first days of March and September in each year sintil the payment of the principal thereof. Said bonds to be coupon bonds, and to be issued for the purpose of obtaining the means for the construction of the main sewer on Limestone street, and the branches to same on Rice street, and Grand avenue, in Taylor street sewer district or sewer district No. 3. Saud bonds to be due and payable the lat day of September, 1900, and when seld are to be taken and paid for by the purchaser thereof, at the office of the City Treasury in this city within fifteen (15) days from the day of sale.

Bids for the purchase of said bonds may be filed in writing with the City Clerk at any time prior to the time above named for the sale of said bonds, and tids, either verbal or in writing, will be received by said Council or said 23th day of February, at 80 clock p. m., when all bids will be considered by the Ute Council

J. S. SHEWALTER, City Clerk.

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